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Select Tales.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE LADIES' FAIR.

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"Come, Edward, it will never do for you to hold back now—the girls expect us both."

"Well, I can't help it if they do," replied Edward Morton, to his friend James Irvin. "A burnt child dreads the fire."

"But what will the girls think and say about you?"

"I am sure I don't know, James. But let them say what they please, I prefer bearing it all, to enduring what, were I to go, would be much worse—the consciousness of having done wrong."

"Yes, but you needn't spend more than five dollars. That is as deep as I intend going."

"Double that sum won't pay the damage to your pocket, I know," Edward replied, smiling. "But even five dollars are more than I would be justified in throwing away. My salary is small, and my sister needs all that I can spare."

"Well, I must go any how," Irvin said gaily. "The girls have asked me outright, and there is no getting off. I would spend three months' salary, rather than seem to be afraid of my money."

"We should be just, before we are generous, you know," said Morton. "You cannot afford to go any better than I can, James. Your bill for clothes will come in before long, and Mr. Buckram is, you know, rather tart when pay is not prompt."

"His bill is forty dollars, and five is nothing to that. I am resolved not to spend over that small sum."

"Your good resolutions are, you know, too easily broken. Ten or fifteen dollars will not pay the cost, I know, if you venture upon the enchanted ground of a ladies' fair."

"It is enchanted ground, Edward, as I know to my sorrow," Irvin responded, in a graver tone.

"But there is no escape; the syrens have sung to me, and I cannot keep away."

"I am sorry for your weakness, James, for I know you will have cause to regret it. Neither you nor I can afford to come into the atmosphere of a fair."

"They are bad places for shallow pockets," Irvin remarked, in a tone that indicated a passing remembrance of former sufferings.

"Indeed they are," Edward replied. "I cannot myself see how the holding of them, particularly in the way they are now too commonly conducted, can be reconciled with correct religious principles. Those who attend at the tables, seem to lose all thoughts of feeling, propriety, good manners, and justice, in the one idea of coercing sales at enormous prices, of the useless articles they have

exposed to view. I am fully resolved, as an individual, that I will not in any way encourage them. My opposition may be feeble, but still it shall go against them."

"Well, well, Edward, don't moralize any longer about them, or I shall get the blues. Heigho! they are delightful places! Such beautiful girls! and all so full of life and good humor. It is good for the heart, if not for the pocket to be in one of them."

Edward Morton was true to his firmness of character, and remained at home; and James Irvin was as true to his weakness of character, and went to the fair. He took from his trunk a five dollar note, resolving in his mind that he would take no more, and thus put it out of his power to throw over that sum away. But something whispered that, after this were gone, he might be placed in an unpleasant dilemma; and so, after a moment's hesitation, he increased the sum to twenty, which covered the whole amount of his available means; and his next quarter's salary would not become due for two months to come.

Half an hour afterwards he entered, with a gaily dressed young lady on his arm, a saloon brilliantly illuminated, in the most fashionable street of Philadelphia, around which were arranged tables covered with every variety of things to tempt the eye. Behind each table were from one to three young ladies, than whom no experienced shop keeper could have been more attentive or more eager to dispose of their merchandize. For a moment the gay scene, and the crowds of richly dressed and beautiful women confused the senses of Irvin; but he was soon called back to consciousness by the exclamation of "how beautiful!" breaking as it were, spontaneously from the lips of the young lady on his arm. He directed his attention to one of the tables near which they were passing, behind which stood the most lovely creature, it seemed to him, that he had ever seen. Her eyes, that looked right into his, were black, and sparkled like a living diamond. Her fair face was beautifully relieved by the rich color of her cheeks, and the luxuriant curls that floated about her face and neck.

"Yes, it is most beautiful," said this fairy, who instantly fancied the object that had attracted the attention of Irvin's companion.

"It is most beautiful, indeed!" And she lifted a curiously shaped box, or something like it, from the table, the probable use of which never perhaps occurred to the maker, and reached it to the lady whose admiration had been so warmly expressed.

"It's only five dollars," remarked the fairy, with a smile and a manner that scattered like chaff before the wind all ideas of counting cost from Irvin's mind. A moment or two sufficed to transfer a note of the amount indicated from the pocket-book of the young man to the fairy hand of the tempter. Something very much

like a feeling of regret floated through his mind as his eye caught the last glimpse of the soiled representative of five silver dollars: but the next emotion was that of congratulation that he had not limited himself to that sum; for if he had done so, he readily perceived that, before the evening's sport was over, some very awkward scenes must have occurred.

"We don't let any one pass our table," said a lovely little creature, with blue eyes and light flowing hair, stepping right in front of our hero and his lady, pointing at the same time to a table, behind which stood, all expectant, two others, who with the first, might not inaptly have been termed "The Graces."

The light hand on his arm, and the evident inclination of his companion to pause, could not be resisted. Irvin was compelled, by gentle restraint, to stand the attraction of another table at the fair, aided and abetted by the three lovely sisters, for so they appeared to be, and the too apparent desire of the gentle maiden at his side to possess something.

"It's all for charity, you know," remarked one of the sisters, looking the young man in the face with a winning smile.

"Charity covers a multitude of sins," said the second.

"This beautiful annual," added the third, presenting one of the gift books of the season, "is one of the sweetest presents to a lady. It is only three dollars and a half. You will take it of course," she continued, handing it to his companion, who took it in the most natural "of course" way in the world.

Another five dollar note came out from its hiding place, and changed owners.

"We never give change at our table," said one of the good humored damsels, just revealing a glimpse or two of her sparkling ivory, as her rosy lips gently parted in one of the quietest smiles imaginable. "Here is a beautiful pin-cushion, at just one dollar;" and the little velvet box, on which were painted some flowers, was handed over, and as quickly appropriated by Irvin's very particular friend.

With ornamental box, annual, and pin-cushion, Irvin and Emma Grant—we might as well tell her name at once, for it's awkward telling about third persons unless names are included—took a diagonal sweep across the room. In this instance, justice compelled me to say, the mind that directed the movement was Irvin's. Had Emma been left free to have indicated the way in which to walk, the table that could have been reached in the quickest time, and by the shortest movement through space, would have certainly been next approached.

But in a fair, it is useless to try to get out of the way of temptation. Some resolute ones do promenade backwards and forwards through the centre of the room, looking on, but still keeping

at a respectful distance: but sooner or later, they feel the current that sets irresistibly upon the breakers, and before conscious of danger, are among them. The thought of his vanished ten dollars, which had taken the departure never to return, kept Irvin, spite of the many gentle side indications of Emma, resolutely equi-distant from the tables. But mortal man cannot long resist temptation while lingering near it. Our hero was just bidding good-night to his economical ideas, when Emma was suddenly called by a lady attending on a table near which they were passing.

"Why, how do you do, Emma? I've been looking about for you all the evening," she said, as they drew up. "And how are *you* to-night, Mr. Irvin?" she continued with animation. "I'm glad to see you. You've been buying I see.—Well, that's clever. But I am not going to let you go away without helping me a little. I declare, I haven't sold any thing at all worth talking about!"

"I think I have done pretty well, Miss Sarah," Irvin ventured to say, glancing significantly at his purchases.

"You don't call that pretty well, I hope? Why, that's nothing!" urged Miss Sarah. "Remember the cause. Every dollar spent here, you know, is laid up in the treasury of Heaven."

"I'm not quite so sure of that," replied Irvin, laughing.

"Oh, you heathen you!" responded Miss Sarah. "If I was Emma, I'd be afraid to walk home with you."

"O, Mr. Irvin, how do you do?" exclaimed suddenly a young lady attending at the next table, who just at the moment perceived him. "I've been trying to find a man gallant enough to buy me this beautiful pair of colored cologne bottles, and, as I live, I have been refused by no less than three! But I'm determined that I will not let you off; so you might just as well do the fair thing at once. Here they are—now ain't they beauties?" and she lifted two really pretty cut glass bottles from Miss Sarah's table.

"Well, what is the price of them?" asked Irvin, with forced composure.

"Only two and a half," said Miss Sarah.

The hand that drew out the pocket-book this time, did its office rather more deliberately than usual. Another note with a V on it passed over.

"We don't give change here," said Miss Sarah.

"But this is hardly fair," Irvin found the resolution to say.

"It's the rule of the fair, and I dare not break it. Is it not, Nancy?" appealing to another young lady.

"O yes," said Nancy; "we all agreed to that before we opened."

"Well, what else will you have?" Miss Sarah went on. "I've got some lovely things on my table. Ah, this is the very article you want, Emma."

Miss Sarah here picked up a silver-mounted card-case, beautifully enameled, and handed it to Emma.

"That will just be the change," she said. "And now won't you have something else?" she continued, looking Irvin the face, while Emma

took possession of the card-case in the most natural way imaginable.

"Nothing more to-night, I believe," replied Irvin, in a tone intended to be gay and unconcerned. But the thought of fifteen dollars absolutely thrown away, and the flitting memory of his unpaid tailor's bills, made the sound of his voice, spite of every effort to prevent it, anything but cheerful.

"I don't see anything of Mr. Morton here. Where is he?" remarked the young lady who had compelled Irvin to purchase the cut glass cologne bottles for her.

"I could not persuade him to come," Irvin replied.

"Afraid of his money, I presume; ha, ha!"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, I have no charity for such mean kind of people," the young lady went on to say. "I don't suppose he ever gave any thing in his life."

"Sister expected him to come for her," Emma said; "and she will be very much disappointed."

"I'd cut his acquaintance, if I were she."

"And she will, too," said Emma warmly.

Irvin interposed a word for his friend; but it was at once voted, by acclamation, that Edward Morton was a young man of a narrow mind and mean spirit.

"I only wish I had his resolution and good sense, and were once clear of this gang of pickpockets," sighed Irvin, in inward bitterness of spirit.

But it was not yet to be. He had a five dollar note left, and every fair saleswoman seemed to know it. Turn which way he would, with Emma on his arm, he was met with smiling invitations to buy, or jeered good humoredly for not having liberal feelings. He was more than a weak, vain man, to stand all these, especially as his fair companion never once came to his aid with a prompt "No, we have done our part to-night."

"Take a chance in this raffle?" said a saleswoman, catching hold of his arm, and arresting his course almost by main strength.

"A raffle, oh, a raffle!" exclaimed Emma, turning quickly towards a beautiful rocking-chair, a pair of ottomans, and a piano stool, all richly covered with worsted needle work, and of course her attendant turned with her.

"A chance in the rocking chair for your fair friend, and two for you in the ottomans and piano stools," said the saleswoman, holding up a paper containing the names of the chance-holders.

"That is the rule to-night for every gentleman and lady."

"What are the chances?" asked Irvin.

"Only two dollars in the rocking-chair, and a dollar and a half each in the piano stools and ottomans. Just five dollars. Shall I put down your names?"

"Emma Grant," replied Irvin's friend, not waiting for her companion's reply.

"And your name?" said the woman, looking him in the face.

"James Irvin," replied the young man mechanically.

"Yes, very well. The raffle will take place on Friday evening."

Irvin had now a talismanic form of words, whenever asked to buy.

"I have laid out all my money," caused every importunity to cease instantly. Though relieved at this, he could not but perceive and feel the changed manners of those who were so ready to court his attention. Having got all of his money, smiles and winning words would have been lost on him, and but few therefore were thrown away on so unpromising an object. Emma, too, seeing that she had little more to hope for, soon proposed to return home; and, glad to escape from a place that had lost to him all attractions, Irvin bade it good-night, and turned away.

After Irvin had left Morton, in the early part of the evening, the latter went to his trunk, and taking from thence some money, put on his hat and walked out. The quickness of his step indicated that he was not bent on a stroll, simply for relaxation after the business of the day. Twenty minutes' walk brought him to the door of a small house in the suburbs, which he entered without knocking.

"Good evening, Ellen," he said to a pale and delicate looking woman who sat sewing at a small table.

"Good evening, brother Edward," responded the woman, rising, with a smile of pleasure on her face.

"How do you feel to-night, Ellen?" asked her brother, kindly.

"Well, I don't know, Edward, that I feel any better, but I don't think I am any worse," she said, with an effort to smile cheerfully.

"I am afraid, sister, you sit too long at your needle."

"Perhaps I do. But then, Edward, you know that I cannot be idle."

"Yes, I know that, Ellen; you have need of the toil of many more hours than you can give. But you must spare yourself a little more, if possible."

There was a sadness in the young man's tone that touched the heart of his sister. He had ever been to her a kind brother, and she loved him with a pure, unselfish, sisterly affection. It moved her feelings with unusual tenderness, whenever he seemed to be borne down by a consciousness of her hard lot, without the power of relieving it fully. A young widow, poor, in ill health, and with two small children, her condition, it may readily be imagined, was one of many privations and many hard trials. Her brother was receiving a salary of but four hundred dollars, as clerk and salesman in a retail dry goods store. Out of this he paid one hundred and fifty dollars for his boarding and his clothes; washing, and a few other necessities, took an equal sum. The balance of one hundred dollars he regularly handed over to his sister, in small sums, as he received it from his employer. Her needle supplied her with all else she received.

The silence that followed the young man's last remark was interrupted by his saying, as he handed her some money.

"Here are ten dollars for you, Ellen, and I wish, in my heart, they were one hundred."

"You are very kind to me, brother," was the sister's only remark, as she received the money; but the peculiar tone in which the brief words were uttered, had in it an expression of deep gratitude that no spoken language could have conveyed.

"I hope I shall be able to do better for you one of these days," he replied. "I must get a higher salary before long, and then I will rent a house so near the store that I can live with you, and make you a great deal more comfortable than you are now."

"I will try and be contented as things are, and so must you, Edward. How much worse off I might be, than I am! Suppose I had no brother to care for me?" And the tears came into the eyes of the sister as she felt a momentary pang at the idea, called up so vividly.

"Yes, sister, it is better, of course, to make the best of our condition, be it as it may," replied Edward, with a deep inspiration. "Have you as much work as you can do?" he added, in a changed tone.

"No, not such as is profitable. Mrs. Mason has a good deal of sewing for me; but she has been so taken up with this fair for the last two or three weeks, that she could not find the time to get it ready. And Mrs. Walker is in the same way. I have lost, too, three whole days from the common sewing which I had on hand, in working the body of a child's slip for Mrs. Mason to present to the fair."

"Not for nothing, I hope?" said the brother in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, for nothing. Mrs. Mason throws a good deal in my way, and when she asked me to do it. I could not refuse."

"Well, indeed, Ellen, that is hard. It is nothing less nor more, than Mrs. Mason taking the bread out of your children's mouths."

"It has come pretty near to that," the sister said with a sigh; "for I was put back so much with the slip, that I could not get home any work, until after we had eaten every morsel of food in the house. I have been hard put to it, this week, Edward."

"Indeed, indeed, that is too bad! This fair I believe, is to pay for cushioning all the pews in Mr. ———'s church, and putting new hangings about the pulpit. And to do this, the widow and the orphan must be robbed of their mite; and that, too, in the name of charity!"

"It does seem a little hard," Ellen remarked. "But, then, people don't think. They are carried away by show and excitement."

"But they ought to think; especially when they profess to be acting from unselfish and charitable motives. As far as I can see into them, these fairs are, in the general, conducted upon wrong principles—and I am almost prepared to say that they have their foundation, also, in wrong principles. The first idea, in reference to a fair is the want of money for a specific purpose. The second idea is, that an unwillingness exists on the part of the public to give the required sum. The next is, that this unwilling public may and shall be wheedled out of five hundred, or two or three thousand dollars, in the name of charity. And then the whole machinery of a fair is set in motion, while the false notion, that the end sanctifies the means, seems to take full possession of all engaged in putting it into operation. Every artifice, and every form of persuasion, are resorted to in inducing visitors to purchase worthless trifles, at enormous prices. Money is taken from individuals who positively declare that they are

unable to spare it, but who lack the firmness to refuse to buy when pressed and persuaded on all sides. All this is wrong in principle. True charity includes justice to every one."

"And, what is worse than all," added Ellen, "these things are done in the name of religion."

"Yes, sister, that is truly its worst feature. Ministers of the gospel, too, are often seen encouraging and giving them their countenance; forgetful that any departure from justice is a departure from religious principle. I never attended but one fair; and then I was weak enough to throw away five dollars, because I was jested with, ironically, for being miserly. Those five dollars, sister, you stood much in need of; and I had intended them for you. But I suffered the widow's and the orphan's slender portion to be taken from me, and given towards buying a splendid organ for a splendid church. How wrong!—How wrong!"

"I wouldn't think of that any more, Edward," said his sister, kindly; "it always seems to worry you."

"Yes, it does worry me, Ellen, but, then, how can I help thinking about it? In fact, such thoughts will come into my mind, do what I will to keep them away. Still, I know that it is for me to act right, myself, in the present, without being disturbed at the errors and wrong doings of others. And this I am ever trying to do, but have not yet learned the happy art."

Gradually Ellen led off the conversation from the fair, and the brother and sister spent an hour together in pleasant communion. The poor need not be unhappy. Let them cultivate gentle affections, while they live daily in the discharge of every duty, and peace will brood like an angel over them. None but the evil need be miserable; and, in fact, none but they who permit something of evil to rule in their minds, be their condition in life what it may, are discontented.

It was, perhaps an hour after Edward Morton had returned home, that Irvin, his room-mate, came in.

"So you have passed through the trial, James," said the former, smiling.

"Yes, and have acted like a fool as I am!" he replied, throwing his hat upon the table, with an impatient and angry gesture.

"I suppose your pocket is ten dollars lighter than it was?"

"Ten? Yes, and double that sum!"

"It can't be possible, James?" said his friend, in surprise.

"Yes, it is possible, though! Am I not a most consummate fool?"

"Well, really, James, I am sorry that you have thus suffered yourself to be robbed, for I can call it by no milder name, of money, which, in fact was not your own."

"Robbed did you say? Yes, that is just what it is; or rather, the term should be *swindled*.—Why, they were like so many hawks after me; and Emma Grant seemed to think I had nothing to do, but to buy her every foolish thing in the room. I'm sick of her, any how."

"It's all over now, and I hope it will be a lesson to you," Edward remarked. "But I wouldn't make myself any more unhappy about it."

"How can I help being unhappy, do you think?

Can I forget that old Buckram will be down upon me with his bill before a month passes over, and that I owe four weeks' boarding, which must be paid, and which I had intended paying this very night? And if I were to try the trick of forgetfulness, I would soon be roused from such a dream. No—no. The thing is done past recall, and now must come the penalty."

"Well, I'm sorry for you, James, but I cannot help you any."

"Don't say that, Edward. You must stand by me for something, in this tight place. At least, you must spare me ten dollars to give to the landlady."

"Indeed, I cannot, James. I paid up for my board this evening, and had but twelve dollars left. Ten of this I carried to my sister, and I have but two dollars with which to pay my washwoman. So, you see, that I cannot help you in the least."

"I wish your sister had the twenty dollars I threw away to-night! Then it would do some good. I could bear the trouble which I know I shall have, if the money spent were going to be of any use. But, what do I care about the cushions and curtains for old Mr. ———'s church?"

After a few moments' silence, Irvin drew a long breath, and said, as he rose up and began to pace the room backwards and forwards.

"Well, I have one hope left, that I had forgotten."

"Ah, Indeed! And what is that, James?" inquired his friend.

"Why, I've got two chances in a raffle to be had on next Friday night. If either of them wins, it may help me a little. If both, I shall get back my twenty dollars."

"Much as I condemn gambling in any shape," remarked Morton, "and still more so, when it is done in the name of religion and charity, I hope you may be successful."

"You cannot hope so more than I do," sighed the young man.

Friday evening soon came round, and Irvin prepared to go to the raffle.

"You intend calling for Emma Grant, do you not?" asked his friend Morton.

"No I do not," Irvin replied, in a positive tone.

"Why, didn't you tell me that you had taken a chance for her in a great rocking-chair?"

"Yes I did. But she may go and see about it by herself, unless she can find some bigger fool than I am to go with her. If I were to win any thing she would suppose, as a matter of course, that it was for her, and perhaps order it sent home at once. O no! As I told you before, I am done with her."

Being now all ready, our young sufferer wended his way to the brilliantly lighted hall, in Chesnut street, and mingled with the beauty and fashion there. Perhaps each one present was in some way interested in the raffle, particular and general, to be held there during the evening.—They had bought chances in the name of charity, and now each one was eager to know what was to be the reward for so good a deed.

"I am sure that I shall get something handsome," whispered a lady to her husband, upon whose arm she was leaning.

"And why do you think so?" he inquired.

"O, because I have done so much for the fair," she replied. "I worked a whole month, and stood at one of the tables all through. I think I ought to have something worth while drawing."

"So you think Providence will favor you for your good deeds?"

"I don't think it would be any more than fair," the lady replied, in sober earnestness.

Others no doubt thought, and felt as she did, but were more guarded in expression.

At last the gambling commenced. The lot of things in which Irvin was interested went off first. The chair soon found an owner. It was a young lady, who had been among the foremost in getting up the fair. She did not seem at all surprised at her good fortune. But there was many a sneering and many a deprecated word thrown out at her expense. The ottomans came next.—A brief pause, and the name of James Irvin was announced as the fortunate drawer of these prizes.

"Scared but not hurt!" murmured Irvin to himself in an ecstasy of pleasure. "I shall come out even yet!"

"Who is he?—where is he?" exclaimed several voices. And Irvin stepped forward.

"You'll put it up, of course, for the benefit of the fair," said one young lady, taking hold of his arm.

"Of course he will," said another. "Gentlemen always do that."

"You wouldn't take such splendid ottomans from the fair for the paltry sum of a dollar and a half?" chimed in another.

"Of course he will not," exclaimed a fourth, "he is too much of a man for that. I know by the very expression of his countenance that he will give them back again to the fair. Won't you?"

"Certainly! certainly! Of course I will!—What use would the gaudy things be to me? I give them back to the fair!" said Irvin, with as good grace as possible, backing out from his advance position, and again mingling with the crowd.

"Why Mr. Irvin?" exclaimed a lady immediately in front of whom he found himself standing—"sister Emma is waiting at home for you! She will be dreadfully disappointed. She wanted to come to-night above all things, and fully expected you."

"I am sorry for it," the young man replied, bowing, "but it is too late to help it."

"Sister will never forgive you for this," resumed the lady.

Irvin again bowed, and withdrew from the presence of Miss Grant, muttering to himself, "then we will be even, for I never intend forgiving her."

The piano stool was drawn by another young man, when the same scene of coercion was gone through, and he compelled to relinquish it to the fair, to be raffled for again. Really sick at heart, Irvin precipitately retired, and left the fair gamblers to finish their evening's game in their own most approved way. And it was really a painful exhibition of the folly of poor human nature. Whoever drew a prize of any consequence was either forced to relinquish it to the

fair, or become an object of remark and envy.

Finally the whole affair closed, and there was scarcely an actor in it who was not disappointed, pained, mortified, or chagrined at something which occurred. There was fully enough money raised to purchase pew-linings and pulpit curtains, but it was at the expense of decency and all the admitted rules of propriety—and what was still worse, at the expense of the very first principles of Christian charity.

We will now pass by James Irvin, and let him get out of his trouble in the best way he can, and look in upon another actor in the fair—one who held the situation of a patroness in assisting to get it up.

On the morning of the closing of the brilliant and successful effort to extort money from the public, in a fashionable and creditable way, Mrs. Mason, who had imposed upon Morton's poor sister the chance of working a child's slip, that she might have the honor of giving it to the fair, was seated at the breakfast table, with her husband. They had finished their meal, and each sat, somewhat absorbed in thought, the husband leaning back in his chair, and the wife balancing a tea-spoon upon the edge of an empty cup. At this moment a servant man came in; Mrs. Mason saw, by the expression of his countenance, that he had a message to deliver, and so said—

"Well, John, what do you want?"

"Old Mrs. Carr, the washerwoman, is down stairs, ma'am."

"Well, what is she after now?"

"She says, ma'am, that she would be very glad if you could let her have some old clothes that you don't want, for her little boy; and a pair of Mr. Mason's old pantaloons, that he is done with, for her husband. She says he is sick and not able to do any thing."

"Tell her that I haven't an old garment in the house," Mrs. Mason replied, with an impatient gesture. And the servant left the room.

"I declare," she continued, after John had retired, "these poor people never think you can do enough for them. I gave Mrs. Carr an old hat, and an old pair of shoes, about six months ago, and now she is bothering me again."

"Yes, but my dear," said Mr. Mason, "old clothes are of no use to us, and should be given wherever they are needed."

"But didn't I tell John that there were none in the house," Mrs. Mason responded rather sharply.

"Then what has become of them all, for I'm sure there ought to be an abundance."

"Why, I sold them all, a month ago."

"To buy things for the fair, I suppose?"

"Yes; that is just what I did."

"Then you did wrong," Mr. Mason said gravely. "Curtains and cushions are not needed for the church, half so much as clothing is by a dozen poor families within our immediate neighborhood."

"Well, when I asked you for twenty dollars to buy something for the fair, you declined letting me have them. As we stand in the church, it would never do to hold back; and so to save our credit, I had to rake up all the old things in the house, and sell them."

"And so, that is the limit of your charitable

doings? Reputation in the church! I am sorry, indeed, Mary, that you have not set before yourself higher and purer motives of action."

"Surely you wouldn't have me appear mean and selfish, husband?" said Mrs. Mason, wounded by his rebuke, and a good deal softened, on the instant, for she loved her husband. "How could I hold up my head among the other ladies in the society? They were all doing their best."

"The consciousness of rectitude of purpose, and the approval of those you love, should be looked upon as a much higher reward, than the approbation of those who will give it only at the expense of a violation of true charity," Mr. Mason said kindly.

"That is true, husband, but I am hardly able to practice upon such high principles," Mrs. Mason replied, softening still more. For, as has just been said, she loved her husband, and whenever a wife really loves her husband, his understanding of the truth is insinuated into her mind, and she sees as with his eyes. When she looks away from her husband, and suffers herself to be led by influences opposite to those which he would rationally offer, then she will run into error blindly. This had been Mrs. Mason's case, in reference to the fair.

If you look at, and, in approving, try to love true principles, you will soon have the strength to oppose any thing that is contrary to them. There is a power in truth, when the effort is made to practice it, that is all-sustaining.

Just at that moment, John came in again, and said—

"Mrs. Hatton is down stairs, ma'am."

"Well, tell her to wait a little while John."

John withdrew, and Mrs. Mason, turning to her husband said, while the moisture came into her eyes—

"An open confession, we are told, is good for the soul. I am afraid I have been unjust to Mrs. Hatton; but I was so taken up with the fair, that I did not seem to be conscious of it. She is a poor young widow, in bad health, to whom I gave all our family sewing. As I threw so much in her way, I thought it no more than right, that she should make a little return; so I got her to work a little slip-body for me, which I gave to the fair."

Mrs. Mason paused, and her husband said—

"Well, I suppose you paid her for it."

"No, husband, I did not. I required her to do it for nothing, and it took her, she told me, all of three days."

"Why, Mary!" ejaculated Mr. Mason, in surprise.

"Indeed, husband, I am afraid I acted very thoughtlessly, and very unfeelingly in this instance. How could I have done it. And now I remember, that I have kept her out of work for at least three weeks, because I could not cut out and fix it; I was so much engaged in helping on with the fair. She has come now, for work, I know, and yet I have none ready. I feel very sorry indeed."

"Fortunately, it is not too late to mend some of the wrong that has been done. How much did the slip sell for at the fair?"

"It sold for five dollars."

"And what do you think the work on the body was worth?"

"It could not have been done for less than two dollars; for it was beautiful. How Mrs. Hatton got through with it all in three days, is more than I can tell."

"She worked at it late and early, I suppose," replied Mr. Mason—"driven by the necessity of getting it out of the way. But we must pay her for it. It will never do to have such a sin on our conscience. Suppose we ask her up stairs?"

Mrs. Mason rose up and rung the bell, and when John came in she told him to invite Mrs. Hatton into the breakfast room. Mrs. Hatton presently came in, and Mrs. Mason said, after she had invited her to sit down,

"I think I must pay you for working that slip-body for me. It was beautifully done. Do you think two dollars enough for it?"

"O yes, indeed, ma'am. But you know I was not to charge anything for it."

"Why I hardly think, ma'am," said Mr. Mason, "that you can afford to give away your labor to a fair, the object of which is to buy pew linings and curtains for a church."

"It is true, sir, I cannot, but—" Here the poor woman hesitated, for she perceived that she was going to bring an accusation against Mrs. Mason, seemed confused, and cast her eyes upon the floor.

"But I asked you to do it, and you did not like to refuse," said Mrs. Mason.

"Yes, ma'am, that is the truth," replied Mrs. Hatton, looking up with a calm, though somewhat serious expression of countenance.

"Well, I was wrong in asking you to do it; I ought to have been more considerate. But here are two dollars, to pay you for the work, and that will put us even again. You have come for those shirts you are to make. I have again neglected to get them ready. But the first thing I do this morning will be to cut them out, and John shall carry them over to your house before ten o'clock."

The expression of real pleasure that was on the countenance of Mrs. Hatton, gave to Mrs. Mason more genuine delight, that had any scene or idea connected with the fair from beginning to end.

"You see, now, Mary," said her husband, after the poor woman had withdrawn, "how great danger there is of our being carried away with these fashionable movements, got up in the name of charity, to the neglect of our real duties to those who, in the order of Providence, have been placed, as it were, beside us, that we may minister to their wants. When again solicited to take part in a fair, first look about you, and see if what you can afford to give, is not much more needed by some poor widow and her children. If such be the case, yield neither to persuasion, nor any other inducement to spend your time and money as you have in the present case. Remember, that a conscious sense of having acted from true principles, is like a coat of mail. It sustains the mind unmoved against all selfish and interested condemnation."

Whether Mrs. Mason corrected her erroneous ideas fully, after this lesson, we know not. But perhaps some others may be helped to the thought or two in relation to fairs, in reading something of her sayings and doings, and the sayings, doings,

and sufferings of some others who aided in purchasing pew-linings and pulpit curtains for Mr. ———'s church. If so, this sketch will not have been written in vain.

As far as Emma Grant was concerned, she lost her lover, for such Irvin had thought himself, and she had viewed him in the same light. He never went to see her again. The disgust that he felt at her conduct, in being so eager to get every thing that was offered at the fair, remained as vividly present with him as did the remembrance of his lost twenty dollars, and the mortification and trouble to which he was put, in consequence of having thrown it away so foolishly. He has never since ventured to attend a fair, and steadily persists in affirming, that he would as soon think of going into a room full of pick-pockets. This is what he says: but the reader will bear in mind, that we are not to be held responsible for the sayings and doings of our heroes. We are but a faithful chronicler of things said and done.

BIOGRAPHY.

HENRY ECKFORD.

WE are indebted to the kindness of a friend for the following memoir of one, whose talents and industry evinced in improving the popular arm of our national defence, should render our country proud of ranking him among her adopted children.

Henry Eckford was born at Irvine, (Scotland,) March 12, 1775. At the age of sixteen he was sent out to Canada, and placed under the care of his maternal uncle, Mr. John Black, an eminent naval constructor at Quebec. Here he remained for three or four years, and in 1796, at the age of twenty-one, commenced his labors in New-York. His untiring industry and attention to business soon procured for him numerous friends; and the superior style in which his ships were built excited general attention. At that time the vessels constructed at Philadelphia stood highest in the public esteem; but it is scarcely too much to say, that those built by Mr. Eckford soon occupied the first rank, and gradually New-York built ships bore away the palm from all competitors. Equally conversant with the theoretical as well as with the practical part of his profession, he never frittered away his own time or the money of his employers in daring experiments, which so often extort applause from the uninformed multitude. He preferred feeling his way cautiously, step by step. Upon the return of one of his vessels from a voyage, by a series of questions he obtained from her commander an accurate estimate of her properties under all the casualties of navigation. This, connected with her form, enabled him to execute his judgment upon the next vessel to be built. In this way he proceeded, successively improving the shape of each, until those constructed by him, or after his models, firmly established the character of New-York built ships over those of any other port in the union.

It would be impossible, within the limits prescribed by the nature of this work, to point out the various improvements in the shape and rig of all classes of vessels suggested by the fertile

mind of Mr. Eckford; and perhaps their technical details would be unintelligible to ordinary readers. It is sufficient to observe, that after his models our vessels gradually dispensed with their large and low stern frames, the details of their rigging underwent extensive changes, and in the important particulars of stability, speed, and capacity, they soon far surpassed their rivals.

Mr. Eckford had married and become identified with the interests of his adopted country when the war broke out between America and England. He entered into contracts with the government to construct vessels on the lakes, and the world witnessed with astonishment a fleet of brigs, sloops of war, frigates, and ships of the line, constructed within an incredibly short space of time. At the present day, we can scarcely appreciate the difficulties and discouragements under which operations on so extended a scale were obliged to be conducted. The country was comparatively wild and uninhabited, the winters long and severe, provisions and men, with the iron-work, tools, rigging, and sails, were to be transported from the sea coast, the timber was still waving in the forests, and, to crown the whole, the funds provided by the government were in such bad repute, that, to obtain current funds therefrom, Mr. Eckford was obliged to give his personal guarantee.

Under all these embarrassments, he commenced his operations with his accustomed activity and judgment, organized his plans, and offered every inducement to the interests, the pride, and the patriotism of those in his employ to labor to the extent of their ability. Encouraged by his presence and example, they entered upon their labors with enthusiasm, and neither night nor day saw a respite to their toils. The consequences were quickly apparent. A respectable fleet was soon afloat, and our frontier preserved from the invasion of a foe as active and persevering as ourselves. In allusion to these efforts, one of our intelligent citizens, Mr. Verplanck, in a discourse delivered before the Mechanics' Institute, has happily observed, "I cannot forbear from paying a passing tribute to the memory of a townsman and a friend. It is but a few days since that the wealth, talent, and public station of this city were assembled to pay honor to the brave and excellent Commodore Chauncey. Few men could better deserve such honors, either by public service or private worth; but all of us who recollect the events of the struggle for naval superiority on the lakes during the late war with Great Britain, could not help calling to mind that the courage, the seamanship, and ability of Chauncey would have been exerted in vain, had they not been seconded by the skill, the enterprise, the science, the powers of combination, and the inexhaustible resources of the ship-builder, Henry Eckford."

At the conclusion of the war, his accounts, involving an amount of several millions of dollars, were promptly and honorably settled with the government.

Shortly after this, he constructed a steam-ship, the "Robert Fulton," of a thousand tons, to navigate between New-York and New Orleans. Unlike the light and fairy-like models of the present day, which seem only fit for smooth wa-

ter and summer seas, she was a stout and burdensome vessel, fitted to contend with the storms of the Atlantic, and her performance, even with the disadvantage of an engine of inadequate power, far exceeded every expectation. The sudden death of her owner, in connexion with other circumstances, caused her to be sold; and it is no slight commendation of her model, that when she was afterwards rigged into a sailing vessel, she became the fastest and most efficient sloop-of-war (mounting twenty-four guns) in the Brazilian navy. It is to be regretted that the model then proposed by Mr. Eckford for sea steamers has not been followed. The vain attempt to obtain speed, without a corresponding change in the shape of the model, that would enable them to contend successively with heavy seas, has been attended with disgraceful failures, involving an immense loss of lives.

A strong feeling of professional pride induced Mr. Eckford to accept an invitation from the Secretary of the Navy to become naval constructor at Brooklyn. He was desirous of building a line-of-battle ship for the ocean that should serve as a model for future vessels of that class, and in the Ohio, we believe, it is generally conceded such a model has been obtained. Her parts, it is true, have been altered to suit the whim of some ignorant officer, who has thus weakened her frame in order to imitate an English model, and her spars have been curtailed of their due proportions, to gratify a commissioner's fancy; but, under all these disadvantages, she is to remain a model for future constructors. Unfortunately, our marine was then encumbered, as it is now, with a board of commissioners composed of old navy officers, who fancied that because they commanded ships they could build them—an idea as preposterous as it would have been to have intrusted the naval constructors with their command. Under this sage administration of the affairs of the navy, six ships of the line, costing four millions of dollars, were constructed; the constructors received their orders from the sages at Washington, and each vessel, as was to have been expected, became worse than the preceding. Two of them are permitted to rot in the mud, a third had been cut down to a frigate possessing no very creditable properties, and the others, if not humanely suffered to rot, will probably follow their example.

The same signal disgrace has fallen upon our sloops of war. Under a mistaken idea of strength and stability, their frames are solid, and in many instances their leeway and headway are nearly balanced. Some of them, we are officially informed, possess every desirable property, except that they are rather difficult to *steer*! Those in the least acquainted with the subject need hardly be informed that this exception, trifling as it seems, is conclusive against the model.

At the head of this board was Commodore John Rodgers, and his instructions and his orders were to be the basis of Mr. Eckford's operations. These orders, copied, for the most part, out of some exploded work on naval architecture, were wisely disregarded, although their receipt was duly acknowledged; and he has been heard to observe, that when the vessel was completed, he would have challenged the whole board to have

examined and pointed out in what particulars their orders had not been implicitly obeyed. Under the orders of the commissioners, he had prepared a model which, after due examination, was graciously approved of. When Mr. Eckford proceeded to lay down the vessel, he thought fit to introduce many important changes, and the only genuine draught of the Ohio is now owned by Mr. Isaac Webb, one of the most intelligent of his pupils. The consequence, however, of these collisions between presuming ignorance and modest worth were soon obvious. Mr. Eckford resigned his commission on the day the Ohio was launched; and shortly after received an intimation, that he would never see her put in commission as long as the members of that board held their seats. This promise, as our readers are aware, was kept for eighteen years.

Shortly after this he engaged extensively in his profession; and so great and extended became his reputation, that he was called upon to construct vessels of war for various European powers, and for some of the republics of South America. Among others, he built and despatched to Columbia and Brazil four 64 gun-ships, of 2000 tons each, in the incredibly short space of eighteen months. In these cases his accounts were promptly adjusted, and he received from all parties highly honorable testimonials of his integrity, punctuality, and good faith. He subsequently received proposals to build two frigates for Greece; but as he thought he perceived, on the part of the agents, a disposition to take an unfair advantage of the necessities of that nation, he honorably and humanely declined their tempting propositions. All are aware of the disastrous and (to this country) disgraceful manner in which that business terminated.

Upon the accession of General Jackson to the presidency, he received from him an invitation to furnish him with a plan for a new organization of the navy. This was promptly furnished, and was pronounced by all who read it to be exactly what was required for an efficient and economical administration of the navy. It was not acted upon, although its adoption would have materially advanced the interests of the country. Among other novel propositions, it was recommended to remodel entirely the dockyards. These were to be under the superintendence of superannuated commodores, who, in taking command, would relinquish their rank and make way for more active officers. The constructor at each yard was to be held responsible for the quantity and quality of work done, and only amenable to the chief constructor at Washington. This latter office, he took occasion, however, to say, he could not, under any circumstances, be persuaded to accept. He wished, in short, from what he had himself observed of the extravagance, waste, and delay at our dockyards, to place them on a civil footing, as more consonant to the feelings of the mechanics and the spirit of our institutions.

About this period he determined to prepare and publish a work on naval architecture, for which he had ample materials, and numerous draughts of vessels of almost every class. He had also set aside twenty thousand dollars to establish a professorship of naval architecture in

Columbia college, and had already entered into correspondence with an eminent constructor, Mr. Doughty, whom he had intended as the first professor, when a disastrous affair occurred, involving his reputation and his ample fortune. An insurance company, in which he was largely interested, became, in the panic of the day, insolvent, and its creditors ventured, in the madness of the moment, to throw doubts on the hitherto unimpeached character of Mr. Eckford. In this they were aided by a knot of political partisans, to whom his silent, but gradually increasing popularity, (which had, long ere this, placed him in the state legislature,) was gall and wormwood. Notwithstanding he satisfactorily proved that he had lost, by stock, and other advances to save the sinking credit of the company, nearly half a million of dollars, yet his enemies affected to discredit his testimony, upon the ground that such unparalleled sacrifices were too disinterested to be credible. The termination of the investigation resulted in his complete and honorable acquittal, but the venomous shaft rankled in his kind and gentle breast to the hour of death. It is no consolation to his numerous friends and relatives to know, that all who joined in this base conspiracy against this pure-minded and well-principled man have since paid the forfeit of their infuriated zeal, by the silent, but withering contempt of their fellow-citizens.

In 1831, he built a sloop-of-war for the Sultan Mahmoud, and was induced to visit Turkey. His fame as a skillful architect had preceded him, and he was shortly afterwards offered the situation of chief naval constructor for the empire. A field worthy of his enterprise seemed open to him. With his characteristic energy he commenced the organization of the navy yard, and laid down the keel of a ship of the line. He had rapidly entered in her construction, and had so far advanced in the favor of the sultan that preparations were in train to create him a Bey of the empire, when his labors were suddenly brought to a close by his lamented death, from inflammation of the bowels, which occurred November 12, 1832, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

In private life, Eckford was remarkably simple in his manners and habits. Abstemious and temperate, he always possessed unclouded faculties; and his quiet attention and kindness to all under his control enabled him to secure their ready co-operation in any of his plans which required from them willing and prompt exertions. The scrupulous observance of his contracts to the minutest particular was with him a point of honor; and his dealings with his fellow-men bore rather the character of princely munificence than the generosity of a private individual. Throughout life, and amid transactions involving millions, he maintained the same unassuming habits, considering himself but the mere trustee for the benefit of others; and died as he had lived, honored and beloved by all who knew him.

MISCELLANY.

GOOD COUNSEL.

No young man can hope to rise in society, or act worthily his part in life, without a fair moral character. The basis of such character is virtu-

ous fixed principle, or a deep, fixed sense of moral obligation, sustained and invigorated by the fear and love of God. The youth who possesses such a character can be trusted. Integrity, truth, benevolence, justice, are not with him words without meaning; he knows and feels their sacred import, and aims in the tenor of his life, to exemplify the virtues they express. Such a man has decision of character; he knows what is right, and is firm in doing it. Such a man has independence of character; he thinks and acts for himself, and is not to be made a tool of to serve the purposes of party. Such a man has true worth of character; and his life is a blessing to himself, to his family, to society, and to the world.

Aim then, my friends, to attain this character; aim at virtue and moral excellence. This is the first, the indispensable qualification of a good citizen. It imparts life and character to all institutions and interests in society. It is, indeed, the dew and rain that nourisheth the vine and the fig tree by which we are shaded and refreshed. —*Hawes.*

THE SINGLE WOMAN,

Is as important an element of private and social happiness as the married one. The utilities of each are different, but both are necessary. The single lady is, in some points of view, placed in a position of advantage. The wife resigns, or ought to resign, her claims to general attention, and to concentrate and confine her regards and wishes and objects to her chosen companion, and to domestic claims and scenes. She has quitted the public stage; she seeks no more the genial gaze; she has become a part of a distinct and separate proprietary. But the unmarried lady remains still the candidate for every honorable notice, and injures no one by receiving it. — Those of the male sex who are in the same condition, are at as full liberty to pay her proper attentions as she is to receive them. Being in this position as to society at large, she is always interesting wherever she goes, if she preserve good temper and cultivate truly feminine qualities. —*Turner.*

THE IRISHMAN'S CAT.

A SHORT time ago a poor Irishman applied at the Church-warden's Office in London for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parochial charity, enforced his suit with much earnestness:—"Och, your honor," said he, "sure I'd be starved long since but for my cat."

"But for what?" asked his astonished interrogator.

"My cat!" rejoined the Irishman.

"Your cat! how so?"

"Shure, your honor, I sould her eleven times for sixpence a time, and she was always at home before I'd got there myself."

A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER ON HER MARRIAGE.—You are now, my beloved child, about to leave those arms which have hitherto cherished you, and directed your every step, and at length conducted you to a safe, happy, and honorable protection, in the very bosom of love and honor. You must now no longer be the flighty, inconsider-

ate, haughty, passionate, girl, but ever, with reverence, and delight, have the merit of your husband in view. Reflect how vast the sum of your obligation to the man who confers upon you independence, distinction, and above all, felicity. Moderate then, my beloved child, your private expenses, and proportion your general expenditure to the standard of his fortune, or rather, his wishes. I fear not that, with your education and principles you can ever forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example, to your husband for his honor and happiness, and to Heaven for those rich talents entrusted to your care and your improvement.

LOVE RUN OUT.

JOHN, how does it happen that you, who tried so hard to get your wife, through a long and hopeless courtship of four years, now that you have won the prize, seem to care so little about her?" "Why, boss, I'll tell you. I've heard of a man who wanted to jump over a stone wall. He took a good start and ran a mile, and when he got up to the wall he was so tired that he had to lay down and go to sleep by the side of it. Now, I loved my wife so hard and so long before I could get her, that I found my love had all run out when I had her fast."

GETTING A LIVING.—"Jim," said Abner Phelps the other day to his son—"Jim, you are lazy, what on earth do you expect to do for a living?" "Why, father, I've been thinking as how, I would be a revolutionary pensioner!"

VIRTUE.—Beauty and wit will die, learning and wealth vanish away; all the arts of life be forgotten, but Virtue will remain for ever. Planted on earth in a cold ungenial clime, it will bloom and ripen in heaven.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

H. B. Anram, N. Y. \$1.00; P. P. Milton, Wis. Ter. \$1.00; A. L. Union, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. G. Ellenburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. North Vassalborough, Me. for Vol. 19, \$2.00; M. I. W. Middlebury, Vt. \$1.00; H. H. R. Stowe, Vt. \$1.00; H. H. D. Lebanon, N. H. \$0.30; A. A. Jr. Montague Canal, Ms. \$1.00; J. L. E. East China, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. E. Newark, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. Stephentown, N. Y. \$1.00; C. E. R. Richmond, Vt. \$1.00; H. B. Hanover Centre, N. H. \$1.00; C. R. Ogdensburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; H. E. B. Montpelier, Vt. \$1.00; P. H. S. Castleton, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Kingston, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married,

At Charlton, Saratoga Co. N. Y. on Wednesday the 30th ult. by the Rev. John Clancy, Mr. Montgomery Wakeman, of Ballston, to Alida A. daughter of Albert Conde, of the former place.

Died,

In this city, on the 26th ult. Frances E. daughter of George and Laura Arnold, aged 5 years and 8 months.

On the 27th ult. Leander Curtiss, in the 31st year of his age.

On the 28th ult. John, infant son of John and Phebe Reynolds.

On the 29th ult. Virginia, daughter of Julia Rogers, aged 1 year and 6 months.

On the 1st inst. Ellen, daughter of John and Ann Kinyon, aged 1 year and 24 days.

On the 2d inst. Mary Augusta, wife of Mr. A. V. V. Elting, in her 33d year.

Near Hudson, on the 2d inst. suddenly of Marasmus, Mr. Solomon Wallace Stewart, in the 88th year of his age. The deceased has devoted many years of his life in the capacity of a teacher of youth in the state of Connecticut, and also

in the counties of Westchester, Dutchess and Columbia, N. Y. He officiated in the above capacity for many years with fidelity to his employers, and honor to himself, being extensively known as distinguished in the art of Penmanship.

At Hillsdale, on the 24th ult. Mrs. Letitia Trafford, in the 88th year of her age.

At the County House, Feb. 3d, John Butler; Feb. 9th, Thomas Flood; Feb. 26th, S. M. Morrison and Thomas Radcliff; Feb. 27th, John Curby and T. Parsons; Feb. 28th, John Hogan; March 11th, Catharine Van Alstyne.

At Rhinebeck, Dutchess Co. on the 21st ult. Mrs. Nancy, consort of the Rev. John Trippett, aged 32 years and 2 months.

At his residence, in Eagle, Allegany Co. N. Y. on the 15th inst. of Typhus Fever, Mr. Seneca Lyon, aged 33 years. His loss is deeply lamented by many relatives and friends; as a citizen, he was esteemed by all who knew him, and to the town an ornament which we feel will not soon be replaced.

The expectant wife now hurries home
O'er the boisterous ocean's unbottomed wave;
But lo! her happy groom's arrayed,
In the cold and silent grave.

J. L. C.

Lost overboard, from Schooner F. A. Tupper, on the passage from Charleston to Baltimore, on Tuesday morning, the 15th ult. Alvah Davis, seaman, native of Hudson.

At West Townsend, Windham Co. Vt. at her father's residence, on the 30th January last, Harriet E. Fessenden, second daughter of John Fessenden, Esq. aged 17 years.

Bereaved affliction is wont to seek relief in eulogising the dead. Extravagance is usually imputed to such panegyric, and accounted for on the principle, that bereavement magnifies the virtues and diminishes the faults of the beloved. That such is the fact in many cases it were useless to deny, and doubtless is as true, that they are those cases where defects of character existed, of a kind to abate the estimate and happy influence of associate virtues.

There is more or less of frailty and selfishness attached to human character, and it seems to be the misfortune of many, that, as regards social and domestic happiness, their follies grow where their virtues should most abound, and their virtues, like the ponderous ship raking the muddy bottom of the inland sea, require an ocean to float them and a "trade wind" to move them with effect. It is the nature of others to identify self with every living thing, and where they cannot find a kindred virtue to admire, they seek a kindred frailty to pity, or a want to supply. Of the former, it is true that their virtues are never appreciated (by those who know them) till their follies have ceased to annoy—when a sense of injustice to the living, begets extravagance to the dead. Of the latter, as they are better loved the better known, so it is only when the great magician, *Death*, has laid the spirits of Envy and Jealousy, that fame is permitted to transcribe faithful and unblotted records.

The subject of this brief memorial, entitled to be classed with the last, was yet too unassuming to provoke jealousy—too unobtrusive to rouse envy; and her character, partaking the taint of neither, was worthy the loftiest aim of each. Timid even for her years, the rich promise of her virtues was probably appreciated by few, and those few, the more experienced recipients of the thoughts and sentiments, in circumstances and moments when the passions are taken unawares, or the yearning heart says to all but sympathy, "it is naught."

I say the promise of her virtues, for she had paid few tithes to care—won from affliction no gifts—from disappointment no trophies. She did not promise to shine where social and domestic virtues have no altars and burn no incense, but to be loved and respected as a woman qualified for the endearing relations and arduous duties of her sphere.

With a nice sense of propriety and a happy appreciation of the good and beautiful, her manners and tastes were strictly feminine. Her talents were respectable, her affections warm and enduring, her disposition gentle and forbearing. She was uniformly cheerful; could aid, but seldom move mirth, and rather reflected, than controlled the humor of her associates. Her reproofs were expressed by silence or withdrawal, and her exhortations were the tender entreaties of friendship. Her address was universally kind and respectful, and by its simple truthfulness, ensured candor and politeness in return. Her characteristic patience and meekness secured the attentions of her elders, the confidence of her equals, and made her the chosen aid and champion of children. She was neither surprisingly elegant nor strikingly beautiful, but there was a repose in her countenance, a sweetness in her smile, a tenderness in the tones of her voice, and a truth and sunshine in her eye, more charming, for they were felt as the indices of a generous and loving heart. Tenderly and judiciously trained, she was a favorite with the circle of home, and a welcome guest abroad. She will linger in the partial memories of teachers and classmates, the beautiful impersonation of the virtues she possessed and the excellencies she sought.

Sweet sisters, Heaven claims the loved the gentle Harriet, and henceforth ye are a broken circle on the brow of parent love! Her voice, sweeter than music from *Aolian* harp, has sunk to angel whispers, luring the mourner to "the better land." Heaven took her ere the sordid hopes of earth had fastened on her spirit's nobler aims—ere care had stolen its freshness, or hidden griefs fixed in her heart their undertone of sadness!

A blossom severed from decay, a smile,
A sigh in the heart, a strain of music
Echoing ever, in the memory of your lovely dead!

That He, to whom she lifted her thoughts in health and her sickbed prayer, may rest her sweet spirit in peace and sanctify her early death to the spiritual good of the loved and left on earth, is the fond hope of her teacher and friend.

C. I. H. C.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

THE Ship of State that noble barque,
How proudly on she glides
O'er turbid waters deep and dark,
Through ever changing tides.
Her broad white sails high up in air,
Are filling with the breeze,
As ever onward bright and fair,
She moves through rolling seas.

Full sixty years have passed away
To vast Eternity,
Since first she saw her "natal day,"
And felt that she was free.
'Twas then first to the rushing wind,
Her standard broad she threw;
And then did sacred Freedom find
Protectors tried and true.

'Twas then our eagle spread his wings,
As far aloft he steered,
And felt the pleasure Freedom brings—
It his proud spirit cheered.
'Twas then our valiant Washington
The sword for Freedom drew;
The vessel's deck he trod upon
As leader of her crew.

He guided her with skillful hand,
The fiercest tempests through,
Till o'er Britannia's mighty band
Her flag in triumph flew.
May his great and glorious name
Still brighter, brighter blaze!
And may imperishable fame
Cast on it lustrous rays!

And as the tide of time rolls on,
And Empires' deaths are seen,
May laurels that he's nobly won
Be ever fresh and green!
For many years in calms and storms,
The ship has made her way,
And danger met in many forms,
But none her step could stay.

Commutations wild did sometimes rage,
The ocean fiercely raved;
But guided on by leaders sage,
She every tempest braved.
With Britain's huge and giant might
She in collision came;
Then raged for years the deadly fight,
And blazed the cannon's flame.

Her thunders rolled o'er sea and land,
Reverberating loud,
And war waved high his "flaming brand,"
In deadly battle's cloud.
Like meteors, with rushing sound,
The bursting bomb-shells flew,
And scattered death and ruin round,
In either hostile crew.

Then tyranny was forced to fly
Before the brave and free—
With earthquake sound then rose on high,
The shout of victory.

What though the lightnings sometimes flashed,
And awful thunder rolled,
And discord's waves with fury dashed;
This tale can still be told—

"That vessel ne'er has quailed beneath
The dark sky's angry frown,
She ne'er has feared the tempest's breath,
Or pulled her ensign down."
Aye, still the *Ship of State* moves on
Resistless in its might,
And still the beams of Freedom's sun
Fall on it pure and bright! S. L. S.
Hudson, Feb. 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

WHY DOES MY SISTER WEEP?

BY "ALETE"

"MOTHER, why is my Sister sad, on this her bridal day?
Or when I greet her with a smile, why does she weep,
I pray?
The one she loves is at her side and all her friends in gladness meet,
And every face is bright with joy, then wherefore does she weep?"
The mother drew the gentle girl with fondness to her breast,
And on her cheek bedewed with tears, a mother's kiss she prest.
"And dost thou ask why Mary weeps? why Mary's brow is sad?
Although she's happy, yet my love, she should not now be glad.
This day which binds her to the one, the chosen of her heart,
Will be the same in which she must with all her kindred part.
Each haunt which you together loved in childhood's sunny hour,
The valley and the mountain stream, the garden and the bower,
The little vale where many a rill in peaceful murmurs flow,
Her home, her parents, sister, all must be deserted now.
No longer now a father's love, or mother's anxious care,
Shall hover round her path to guard her feet from every snare—
No longer now a sister's love in confidence she meets,
Her all is to a stranger given! then ask not why she weeps.
Though prospects bright before her rise of years of joy and peace,
Yet well she knows a blight may come to cloud her dream of bliss;
Learn hence my child that all our joys are fleeting frail and brief,
Oft in the o'erflowing cup of joy, we find the dregs of grief;
Earth has no hope without a doubt, no wish without a fear,
No lasting dream of happiness, no sky forever clear."

For the Rural Repository.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

In yonder church-yard's sacred bound,
A sad, secluded spot,
Where many a rising, mossy mound
Recalls the mournful thought,
To those that linger here, of friends
That naught from death could save,
There's one o'er which no mourner bends,
It is the Stranger's grave.

Far from his home, his bones repose,
And far from every friend;
The anxious thoughts, he never knows,
That after him they send;
For death's cold hand has borne away
That life which Nature gave,
And now his lifeless, mouldering clay
Sleeps in a Stranger's grave.
No marble tomb-stone lifts its head,
To tell the wanderer's doom,
Nor fragrant flowers bedeck his bed
And mournful o'er him bloom;
No constant beaten path is seen,
Where weeping mourners tread—
The grass is growing fresh and green
Above the slumberer's head.

But though the grave forgotten lies,
Nor on it falls a tear,
Yet doubtless many moans arise
For him that's slumbering here.
Perhaps an anxious mother sighed
And wept for his return,
But long ago, heart-broken, died
When hope had ceased to burn.
Perhaps a loving partner mourns
The loss of her dear mate,
And strong desire within her burns,
To learn his mournful fate;
But years roll on their ceaseless round,
And still no tidings come,
And still his seat is vacant found,
And desolate his home.

But why conjecture farther, aught
Of the lone slumberer's life?
Yet with many a solemn thought
This lonely mound is rife!
And while I look in sorrow here,
One wish of Heaven I crave,
When life is o'er, that I may ne'er
Rest in a Stranger's grave. J. H. B.
Wallingford, Vt. Feb. 1842.

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